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Babyl and.





"When the cat's away, the mice will play."

BABYLAND.



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Thomas Jewett Eastman

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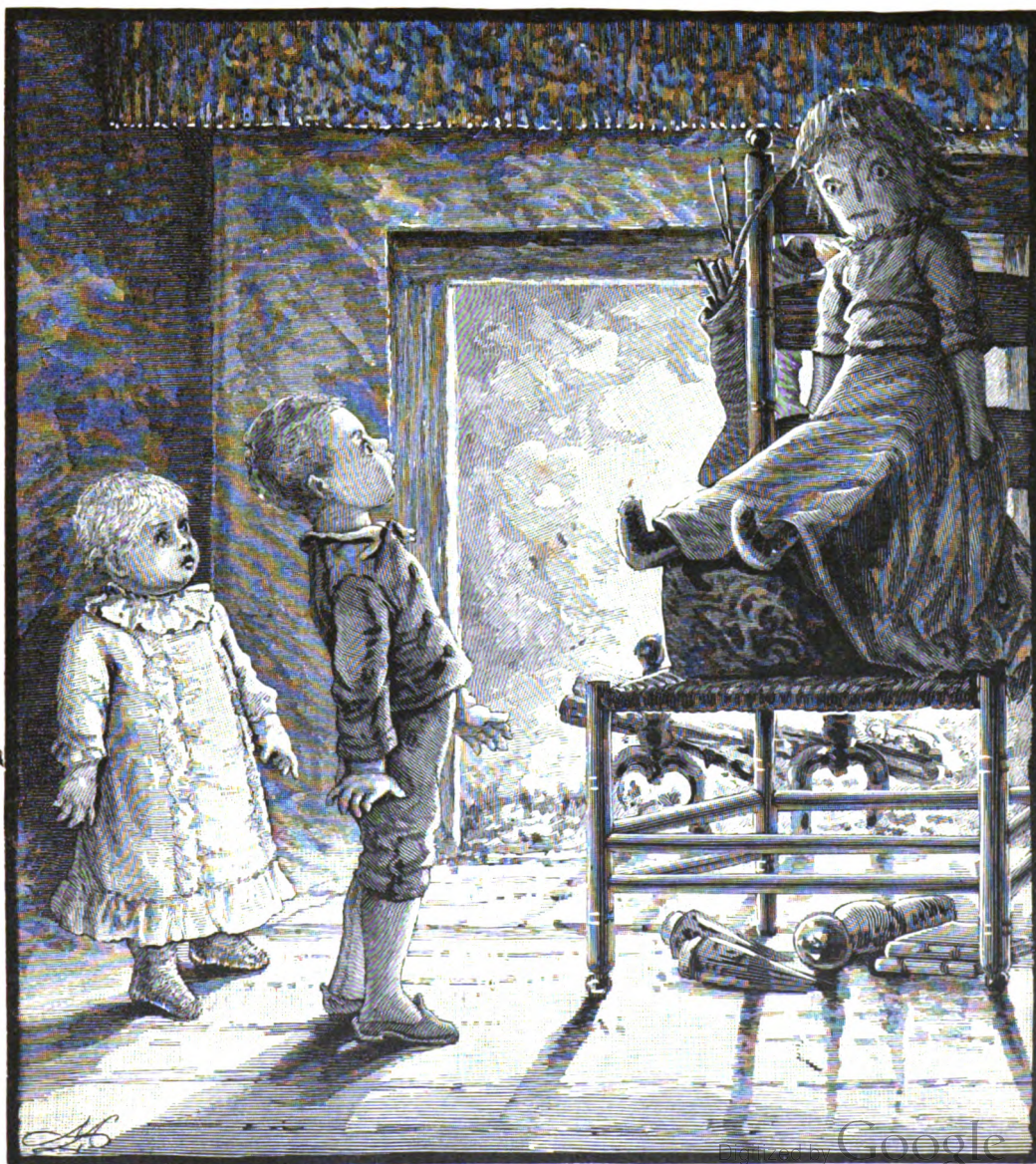
BABYLAND

Edited by the Editors of WIDE AWAKE and LITTLE FOLKS' READER.

January, 1881.
Vol. V. No. I.

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STEALING A MARCH ON SAN-TA KLAUS.

WHAT THE COUN-TRY GIRLS SAW.

Three pairs of eyes o-pened wide — Bes-sie's black ones, lit-tle Bon-ni-bel's gray ones, and Dol-li-kin's blue ones; and



TAK-ING DOL-LI-KINS TO RIDE.

the gray ones looked, oh, so sor-ry!

Bes-sie and lit-tle Bon-ni-bel were coun-try girls, vis-it-ing their aunt-ie in New York city. They had brought Dol-li-kins; and they were giv-ing

her a ride this cold win-ter morn-ing.

What did they see to make them so sad?

They saw a lit-tle girl run-ning a-long in the snow with-out any shoes or stock-ings, and her dress was all rags.

They went straight home and asked aunt-ie to hur-ry out and find her.

But aunt-ie said the cit-y was full of lit-tle beg-gars, and she should not know where to look.

Bes-sie cried then. She said the cit-y was a naugh-ty place.

“A naugh-ty, naugh-ty, stin-gy, cru-el place!” said lit-tle Bon-ni-bel. “In the coun-try we don’t have bare-foot girls.”

“No, in-deed, not in win-ter time!” said Bes-sie, “and the city ought to be a-shamed!”

Yes, it ought!



MARCH-ING ON THE FORT.

THE SNOW FORT.

Look at this reg-i-ment,
 Brave and strong,
 For-ward to vic-tor-y
 March-ing a-long !

All of them of-fi-cers,
 That is clear —
 Cap-tain one, Colo-nel one,
 One Brig-a-dier.

See what a bat-tle line
 They have formed !
 Look at the fort a-head
 That must be stormed !

Oh, for a fife it is !
 Oh, for a drum !
 For-ward ! the en-e-my
 Quake as they come !

Bang ! comes a snow-ball
 Out from the fort !
 Buzz ! bum ! a score of them !
 No-bod-y hurt !

Yet Cap-tain and Colo-nel run,
 Scared most to death,
 And runs the bold Brig-a-dier—
 All three out of breath !



DOTTY'S PRESENT.

DOT-TY DIL-VER'S CHRIST-MAS PRESENT.

They but-toned Dot-ty Dil-ver in-to her lit-tle blue cash-mere frock with nine-teen round sil-ver but-tons. Then they rolled her up in a fleec-y white cloak and hood and took her to the church to see the Christ-mas Tree.

“An’ the Twee was all full

o’ stars,” said Dot-ty, “all full o’ stars and pwes-ents!”

And what “pwes-ents” do you sup-pose hung on this star-ry green Tree for Dot-ty?

Dol-lies, and sug-ar plums and new sash-es?

Ah, some-thing bet-ter than these.

They brought a great big round covered basket and set it down before Dot-ty.

Dot-ty heard some-thing inside—a lit-tle growl.

“Look in, Dot-ty,” said pa-pa.

Then Dot-ty pushed the cover off, just a crack.

What do you think she saw?

Some-thing white and oh so

silk-y-shag-gy, and it had black eyes and a pink nose.

“Wow-wow!” it said and jumped out.

Pa-pa picked “Wow-wow” up and put him in Dot-ty’s arms. Dot-ty look-ed as if she were car-ry-ing a great big white muff.

Wasn’t “Wow-wow” a funny present to find on a Christmas Tree?

WHAT BA-BY SAID AT TA-BLE.



BA-BY AT TA-BLE.

“Wis’ I could have mo’ Christmas din-ner! Just ’it-tle g’a-

vy an’ no p’et-ty w’ite chick-ty meat at all! Jus’ ’it-tle, ’it-tle g’a-vy! Bite ’e p’ate all round — ev’y d’op eat-ed up!

“Don’t fink pa-pa an’ mam-ma ’d like jus’ ’it-tle chick-ty g’a-vy an’ no nice w’ite meat—pa-pa an’ mam-ma don’t bite ’e p’ates—lots o’ g’a-vy an’ meat—wis’ ba-bby had their p’ates!”

THE NAUGH-TY KAN-GA-ROO.

(Writ-ten for the Lit-tle Ba-bies who don't like to be dressed.)



There was a lit-tle kan-ga-roo
As good as good could be,
Ex-cept when he was washed and dressed,
Then bad as bad was he!



For when his moth-er brought his shirt,
That naugh-ty kan-ga-roo
He pushed and pulled, fussed and tugged,
And screamed, and cried, "*boo hoo!*"



And when they brought his dain-ty dress,
With tucks and ruf-fles fine,
That peev-ish lit-tle kan-ga-roo
Did noth-ing else but whine.



And when he saw his ti-ny boots,
With tops like any jock-ey's,
He stamped his foot, and bit mam-ma,
And cried, "no! no! shoe-stock-ies."

Then up came pa-pa kan-ga-roo,
 In an-gry haste hop-skip-ping,
 And part-ly from his pock-et stuck
 An instrument for whip-ping:



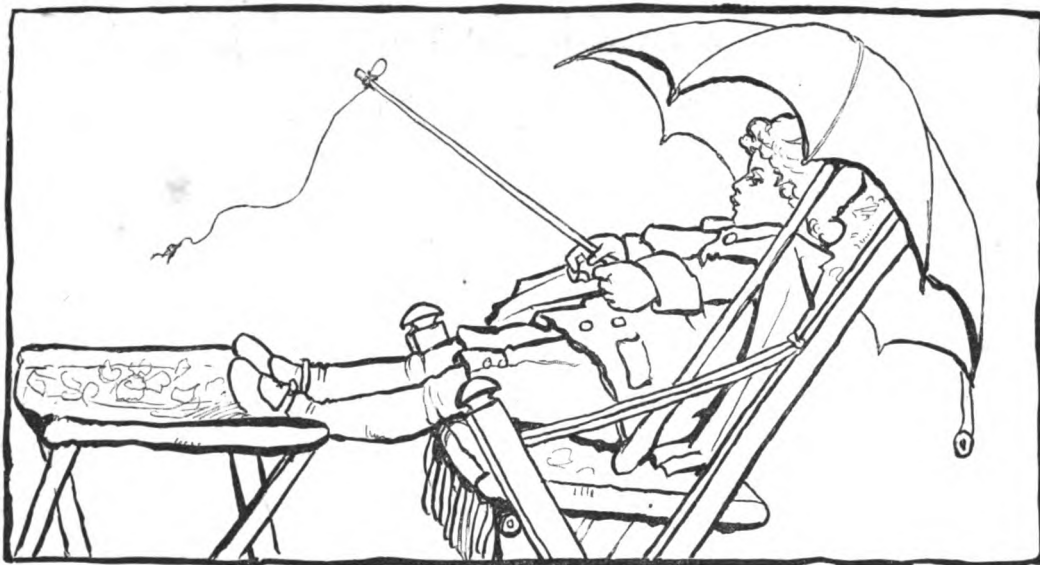
“ I am a-shamed of you, my son !
 You’re cross-er than a bear !
 Where *did* you learn such naugh-ty tricks ?
 Tell me, this min-ute, where ? ”



That kan-ga-roo he raised his eye ;
 A naugh-ty look shone through it ;
 De-mure-ly an-swered his pa-pa,
“ I saw the baby do it ! ”



Gra-vy and chick-en-bones, come to my plate !
 Lit-tle boys eat, but lit-tle dogs wait !



JACK'S RIDE.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR, OR DRAW.—I.

Jack's hair was the col-or of gold. His cheeks were the col-or of wild ros-es. He had a lit-tle brown vel-vet coat and brown vel-vet trou-sers, and he wore car-di-nal red stock-ings and bronze slip-pers. But he was not hap-py. Christ-mas was a storm-y day, and he could not go to grand-pa's. He cried and cried. But fi-nal-ly he said, "I *will* go to grand-pa's." So he made a car-

riage and got in-to it, and rode to grand-pa's all the fore-noon. The oak camp-chair with scar-let cush-ion and gold fringe, and the brown-and-blue camp-stool, with the dark green um-brel-la, made a cap-i-tal car-riage.

Now put these col-ors on the pic-ture, with a gray back-ground, and see if you do not wish you were Jack with his red whip in his hand.

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KIT-TIE DRAWS THE RAB-BIT'S POR-TRAIT.

KIT-TIE'S CROSS DAY.

Kit-tie had a cross day last week. Kit-tie is not a cat ; oh, no, she is a lit-tle girl — but she showed us some ver-y naugh-ty lit-tle claws and teeth on that cross day.

We nev-er knew why she woke so cross. We think, perhaps, the sun-beams stole in too ear-ly, when she was dream-ing a sweet dream, and woke her be-fore she was read-y

When nurse came to the crib to take her up, Kit-tie scratched her and said, "I won't!"

So nurse went a-way and left her cry-ing in her crib.

Then she lay on her pil-low and scold-ed her ca-na-ry for sing-ing so loud ; and Kit-tie's cross-ness made the room so cloud-y that the poor bird thought it was night, and hid

his lit-tle head un-der his wing.

Bun-ny too, the pet rab-bit, crept a-way in-to a cor-ner and rolled him-self up in-to a heap with one paw o-ver his eyes. He kept ver-y still and looked ver-y sad. "For," says he, "I am a-fraid my lit-tle mis-sus is sick."

Then the old-est ba-by doll was slapped for ly-ing on the ta-ble all night and for-get-ting to go to bed, and Kit-tie cried for her be-cause she could not cry loud e-nough her-self.

But, by-and-by, Kit-tie was sor-ry she was cross. She gave her doll a kiss, and a lump of sug-ar to the ca-na-ry, and she sat down and drew a nice por-trait for Bun-ny; and when nurse came back our lit-tle maid was all sun-shine and smiles.



GO-ING TO SCHOOL.



COM-ING HOME.

A WIN-TER DAY'S STORY.

“Whith-er, oh, whith-er,
So dole-ful-ly?”
We are go-ing to learn
Our A. B. C.

Go-ing to stud-y
Our Ps and Qs ;
But what is the use,
What *is* the use ?

One thing is sure,
They're a crook-ed set,
And that's all there is
To the al-pha-bet.

“Whith-er, oh whith-er,
So joy-ful-ly?”
We are run-ning a-way
From our A. B. C.

We've learned as much
As we care to know —
Crook-ed is S,
And round is O.

The lit-tle old man
At the cor-ner sells
Taf-fy and pea-nuts
And car-a-mels.

HOW BA-BY PLAYS HIDE-AND-SEEK.

Ba-by likes to play hide-and-
seek with his aunt-ie An-nie.

First, aunt-ie An-nie hides



"WHERE IS SHE?"

while Ba-by lays his face in a
chair.

When she is hid-den, she
calls, "Coo, coo!"

Then Ba-by looks for her.
He looks be-hind all the doors,
and all the chairs, and the
so-fa. When he finds her, how
he laughs!

Then aunt-ie says, "Now
Ba-by hide."

When Ba-by is hid-den, he
says, "All gone!"

Then aunt-ie looks for him.

She looks un-der the so-fa,
be-hind the doors, in the clos-
et. But Ba-by is a-fraid to
hide in any of those pla-ces.

Then she looks in her work-
bask-et, and in the ma-chine
drawer. She feels in her pock-
et, and looks un-der the bu-
reau.

But Ba-by is not in any of
those pla-ces.

At last she finds him. If
he thinks she finds him too
soon, he says, "No, no! all
gone."

Then aunt-ie looks for him
a lit-tle while long-er. This
time she looks in pa-pa's watch-
case, and in the sug-ar-bowl.

Where do you sup-pose
Ba-by hides?

He just sits down on the
floor in the cor-ner of the nur-

se-ry right where aunt-ie can
see him.

But he thinks he is hid-den.
So it is all right.

MAK-ING BA-BY A CAKE.



Pat a cake,
Pat a cake,
Bak-er's man!
So I do, master,
As fast as I
can!

Then pull it,
And spat it;
Then roll it,
And pat it!
Then stripe it,
And cross it!
Then turn it
And toss it!

Then dance a-way over the
floor

And o-pen the big ov-en door,
And there in a min-ute we shall see
A nice lit-tle cake for ba-by and me.

DOC-TOR JOHN-NY'S VIS-IT.



“ Ah, here he is, the
doc-tor-man !

Doc-tor, how long
you've been ?

My ba-by's got some
mea-sles,

And you must
strike 'em in ?

“ Or maybe it's dis-
ciple-las,

Oh, doc-tor, tell
me quick ! ”

“ I think, ” said John-
ny, sol-emn-ly,

“ I think she's aw-
ful sick !

“ Now get some wa-
ter to her feet,

And mus-tard on her head,
And wrap her up in blan-
kets,

Or she'll be very dead.

My young-est doll is ver-y sick,
My lit-tle An-nie Bell ;
I've sent for John-ny doc-tor-
man
To come and make her well.

“ And here’s the med-i-cine to
take,
You’ll need your big-gest
spoon :

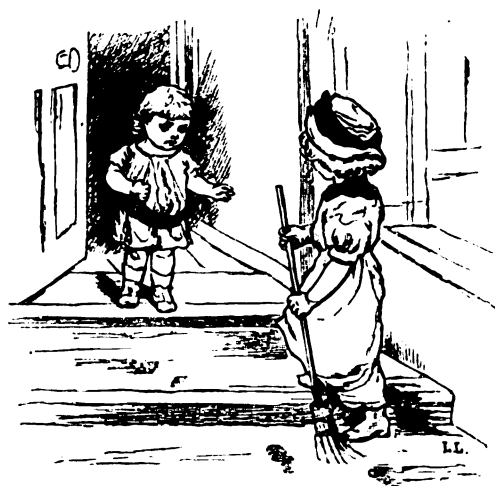
’Twill cure her up like ev-er-y
thing
This ver-y af-ter-noon.

Then John-ny took his hat and
cane
And start-ed for the door ;

And such a doc-tor-man was
he
That when the clock struck
four,

Miss Dol-ly in her car-riage,
All dres-sed in silk and lace,
Beat John-ny’s new ve-loci-
pede

When they went out to
race.



PLAY-ING BEG-GAR.

It wasn't a make-be-lieve
snow-storm ; but Fan was a
make-be-lieve beg-gar, and Ba-

by Tom-my was a make-be-
lieve man-of-the-house.

“ I’ve swept your steps,
please give me five cents,” said
the make-be-lieve beg-gar.

“ You’re a good beg-gar,”
said the make-be-lieve man-
of-the-house, “ and I will give
you some mo-lass-es can-dy.”

The nicest part of this sto-ry
is that the can-dy was not make-
be-lieve at all, but real can-dy,
ver-y sweet and ver-y stick-y.



OFF TO SCHOOL!

HOME A-GAIN!

PICT-URES TO COL-OR, OR DRAW.— II.

Trudge! trudge! through the white snow-drifts goes Frank to school. The snow is piled a-against the gray stone walls and green fir trees. But the cold weath-er on-ly makes Frank's black eyes snap, and his cheeks grow red-der. His gray o-ver-coat is warm with brown fur, and his fur cap and his scar-let leg-gings, mit-tens and muf-fler are thick and warm. So off he goes with his red-

framed slate un-der his arm.

But oh, how our boy en-joys the danc-ing red fire in the gray soap-stone stove when he comes home at night. Off goes grey o-ver-coat, scar-let muf-fler, mit-tens and leg-gings! Out steps Frank in black vel-vet, with blue stock-ings and a-zure neck-tie! Down sits mam-ma's home-boy in the old oak chair, to toast his toes, and think that fire is bet-ter than snow af-ter all!

BABYLAND

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MISS ROSE-BUD.

(Engraved from the Original Painting by Kate Greenaway, owned by D. Lothrop & Co.)

Bring the black horse, bring the red sleigh —
Miss Rose-bud her-self goes rid-ing to-day!

BA-BY'S GUEST.

"How *very* good ba-by is!" said mam-ma. Mam-ma and and Jen-nie were in the pan-try



A GOOD BA-BY.

mak-ing sweet car-a-way cook-ies.

"I know it," said Jen-nie. "He hasn't cried once. Just hear the lit-tle dar-ling coo!"

Then they both stepped to the door and looked out to see this "lit-tle dar-ling."

There he sat, in his high-chair at the ta-ble, just where they had left him. He was wav-ing the feath-er dust-er, and look-ing — oh, *so* smil-ing and hap-py.

"*Goo-goo!*" he said, and waved his lit-tle hand, and then he gig-gled in pure glee. His big blue eyes were cer-tain-ly look-ing at some-thing—his lit-tle fat hand was cer-tain-ly try-ing to capt-ure some-thing — what was it?

Mam-ma and Jen-nie came out to see.

And what do you think they saw?

Why, the first fly of the sea-son had come to make a call on ba-by!



PRET-TY, PRET-TY KIT-TY!



NAUGH-TY, NAUGH-TY KIT-TY!

A NEW KIND OF PUS-SY-CAT.

“ Here is a pus-sy-cat,
A new kind of pus-sy-cat,
An odd, queer pus-sy-cat,
Lying on the sand ;

“ It does not look like Top-sy,
It does not look like Tab-by,
And when I call it Wink-ie
It does not un-der-stand.

“ Come and see me, kit-ty,
Pret-ty, pret-ty kit-ty,
Poor, lit-tle kit-ty,
I’ll stroke you with my
hand.”

One lit-tle lov-ing pat
Gives the ba-by — on-ly that ;
The new kind of pus-sy-cat,
Lying on the sand,

That does not look like Top-sy,
And does not look like Tab-by,
And when she calls it Wink-ie
Does not un-der-stand,

That’s neith-er soft nor fur-
ry,
Nor full of play, nor pur-ry,
Seiz-es in a hur-ry
And bites the ba-by’s hand.



A POR-TRAIT PAINT-ER — COR-RECT LIKE-NESS NOT GUAR-AN-TEED.

WHAT HAP-PENED TO BEN-NY.



BEN-NY BROWN.

Some-thing hap-pened to lit-tle Ben-ny Brown last night—some-thing ver-y im-portant.

Yes-ter-day Ben-ny was on-ly Ba-by

Ben-ny—a chub-by lit-tle fel-low in a gay red frock: this morn-ing he is a big boy—a big boy in trow-sers—trows-ers with pock-ets—*two* pock-ets—two real pock-ets—pock-ets that will hold things.

Ben-ny has been up and dressed just a-bout five min-utes; but both pock-ets are full. There is a top and a string, and the lit-tle white knife, and a smooth round shin-ing stone in one; and

there is a hand-ker-chief and a comb and an ap-ple in the other; and on the floor there is a ball and pa-pa's jack-knife that, may-be, can be got in af-ter break-fast when Ben-ny has more time to pack things care-ful-ly.

Mam-ma looks at her lit-tle boy. He don't seem at all like Ba-by Ben-ny of yes-ter-day. Such a sturd-y lit-tle fel-low! Mam-ma knows he will grow up ver-y fast now. Soon he will be ask-ing for a jack-et, a real jack-et with but-tons that will but-ton; and then he will want a pair of boots, and an ul-ster, and a sled; and then some skates—and he will be a nois-y, shout-ing, out-of-doors boy, and not a dear lit-tle house-boy any more at all!

JOHN-NY'S RIDE.

"It's such a nice day, I think I must go out," said John-ny.

So he got out his horse, mount-ed, and was off. The long nurse-ry was an ex-cel-lent place for a horse-back ride.

It was a ver-y sun-shi-ny



A GEN-TLE TROT.

morn-ing ; and John-ny en-joy-ed his ride much. He rode a-long for some time on a gen-tle trot. Af-ter a while a brisk breeze came in at the win-dows, and seemed to wake up John-ny's horse so that with-out much warn-ing he broke in-to a

wild gal-lop. The lit-tle rid-er could not have sup-posed there



A WILD GAL-LOP.

was any dan-ger, for he did not at-tempt to check him ; so the horse went fast-er and fast-er and, all at once, reared up on his hind feet, and John-ny

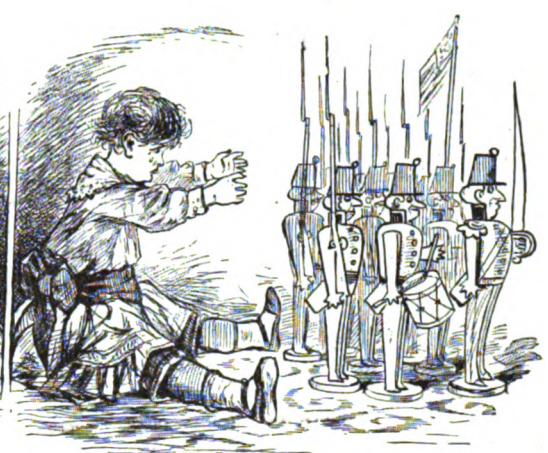


A TRICK-Y STEED.

fell back-wards and, I am sor-ry to say, bumped his head !



FOR BE-ING GOOD.



FOR BE-ING BAD.

UPS AND DOWNS.

What did Fritz gain by being
good ?

Full twen-ty sold-iers made of
wood,

With wood-en mus-kets
paint-ed red,

And a wood-en cap-tain to
march a-head,

A wood-en drum-mer and flag
of wood —

All giv-en to Fritz for be-ing
good !

What did Fritz lose by be-ing
bad ?

His wood-en sold-iers — all he
had —

The wood-en drum-mer, the
flag of wood —

All that he gained by be-ing
good !

And the paint-ed musk-ets —
oh, how sad !

All taken from Fritz for be-
ing bad !



MISS SUN-SHINE'S WIN-DOW.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW—III.

Out-side the sun shines, the sky is blue; but the gar-den and lawn are white with snow.

The on-ly green things grow-ing are the flow-ers in Miss Sun-shine's win-dow. Miss Sun-shine calls the south win-dow her bit of sum-mer.

Get your brush-es and "paints" and col-or the pict-ure and see if she is not right.

The walls are light ol-ive, the cur-tain cream-y gray; the

flow-er pots green-ish red; the box is stone col-or, with touch-es of dull red and blue; and the flow-ers—you sure-ly know how to col-or them—one with a crim-son bloom, one with a blos-som yel-low as a sol-id bit of sun-shine.

Miss Sun-shine her-self, with pink cheeks and gold-brown hair, wears a dull blue gown, with gold-en hair rib-bons, sash, and col-lar.

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MISS DOT AND HER SCHOL-ARS.

MISS DOT'S SCHOOL.

One day Miss Dot made up her lit-tle mind to "keep school." It was a ver-y nice school in-deed. All the scholars were as plump as new milk could make them, and wore blue rib-bons a-round their necks. If it on-ly had been a kin-der-gar-ten, all would have gone right, for the kit-tens would have liked to stud-y balls and blocks and sticks and strings and strips of pa-per.

But Gold-nose and Top-sy and Snow-ball could see no fun in a book. Miss Dot held up her ru-ler and read out of the book.

"Kit-ten-cats," she said, "spell su-gar-can-dy!"

But the kit-ten-cats would not spell su-gar-can-dy. Gold-

nose nod-ded up and down and side-wise to keep time with the rul-er; and Top-sy sat and be-lieved she could give a jump and snatch the gold ring from the teach-er's fore-fin-ger; and Snow-ball im-per-ti-nent-ly reached up a paw and tore the spell-ing-book.

"Kit-ten-cats," said Dot, "spell ro-sy-po-sy!"

But the kit-ten-cats would not spell ro-sy-posy either.

They jumped o-ver each other's backs and ran off.

"Oh, kit-ten-cats," said Dot, "if you will not spell such nice words as those, you will nev-er spell any-thing, and I shall keep no more schools for kit-ties."

And then the lit-tle teach-er her-self danced off to play.



TED-DY'S LUCK.

A FISH-ING AD-VEN-TURE.

Pa-tient lit-tle fish-er boy, sit-ting by the brook,
 Has a pole, and has a line, and has a pret-ty hook ;
 Up come the lit-tle trout, speckl-ed gold and red,
 Catch them-selves on pur-pose, be-cause it is our Ted.

Glad lit-tle fish-er boy puts them in a pail ;
 Ev-er-y lit-tle fin-ny fel-low flound-ers like a whale ;
 Home he runs, home he runs, cry-ing out with joy,
 " Mam-ma, see what *I* have done — your bold fish-er-boy !"

Pail is old and rus-ty — what will Ted-dy do ?
 Bot-tom part has fal-len out, fish-es have slipped through !
 Stop a bit — wait a min-ute ! some-thing is a-wry !
 Hold it up ! — poor lit-tle Ted ! will he laugh or cry ?



THE NAUGH-TY BA-BY.

O what shall we do with a ba-by like this—
Too prec-ious to scold, too naugh-ty to kiss!

LA-DY FLO-RIN-DA.

La-dy Flo-rin-da sits in her chair,
As state-ly as state-ly can be;
With her flounc-es and puffs,
Her la-ces and ruffs,
She cares not for you or for me.

La-dy Flo-rin-da is slim, and is fine ;
Her skin, like the lil-y, is fair ;
And blue is her eye
As the soft sum-mer sky ;
And clust-er-ing with curls is
her hair.

La-dy Flo-rin-da wakes up in the
morn
With nev-er a pout or a fret ;
Though the weath-er be cold,
This la-dy don't scold
Like some lit-tle girls I have met.



LA-DY FLO-RIN-DA.

Lady Flo-rin-da, how-ev-er, has faults:
No an-swer she gives if you call ;
Not an er-rand she'll run ;
She cares not for fun —
Flo-rin-da's a doll af-ter all!

THE STORY OF TIL-DY MUF-FET.

*"Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a lit-tle spi-der
And sat down be-side her,
And fright-ened Miss Muf-fet
a-way."*

Til-dy's name was n't Til-dy Muf-fet at all, but her mam-ma called her so, be-cause, one day,



TIL-DY MUF-FET.

she acted sil-ly like the girl in the nurse-ry rhyme.

Til-dy was a lit-tle coun-try

girl, used to see-ing bugs and spi-ders, and she ought not to



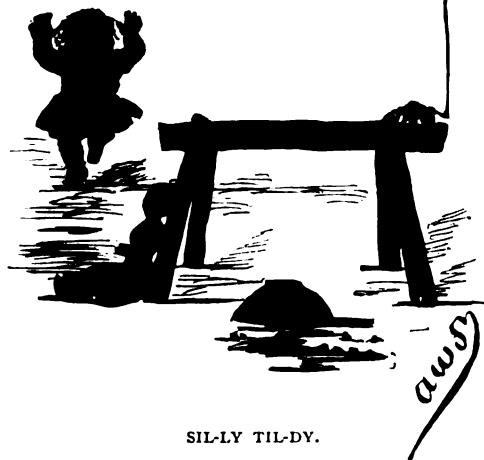
TIL-DY SCREAMS.

have screamed when she saw such things. But, one day, she sat on the saw-horse by the wood pile, eat-ing her bread and milk; and just be-cause a ver-y small spi-der in-deed spun down be-side her, she drop-ped her bowl, and tum-

bled down off her seat and ran in-to the house, screaming to her moth-er just as loud as ev-er she could.

I can tell you that Clor-in-da, Til-dy's doll, was ver-y much a-shamed of her. *She* nev-er stirred, and the spi-der walked by, and went off a-bout his bus-i-ness, and nev-er hurt her at all. But it is a well-known fact that some-times dolls show much more good sense and self-pos-ses-sion than

lit-tle girls. And this is the rea-son why Til-dy's moth-er some-times



SIL-LY TIL-DY.

calls her lit-tle daugh-ter, "Miss Til-dy Muf-fet."



OL-IVE.

L-IVE was the sun-ny, smi-ling, lit-tle girl who was al-ways suit-ed with the weath-er: if it rained Ol-ive was so glad that she could stay at home and play with her dolls and swing in the at-tic; if it snowed Ol-ive knew that she

could slide down hill to-mor-row and if it snowed e-nough there would be sleigh-ing so that she could have a sleigh-ride out to grand-pa's house; and, of course, such a nice, mer-ry, lit-tle crea-ture as Ol-ive could have good times when-ever the sun shone—hap-py lit-tle Ol-ive!



A FINE LA-DY.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR, OR DRAW.— IV.

One day, last week, a fine lad-y was seen walking up and down the brown floor of our at-tic. She came out of a rus-set leath-er trunk—at least her clothes did. She wore a large bon-net lined with old gold, tied with a big red bow and trimmed with a red plume. On her hands were long buff gloves, and she carried a red fan with sil-ver span-gles and feath-er fringe. On her feet were buff

stock-ings and bronze slip-pers with red rosettes. Her gown was a blue bro-cade, dot-ted with sil-ver; and her cloak of black vel-vet lined with scar-let was car-ried by a lit-tle page clothed in green, with a tall buff beaver hat. It was a fine sight I tell you; and the great lad-y's name was Sis-ter Rosy-bud, and the name of the ti-ny page was Broth-er Tom-my.

BABYLAND

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ROSE-BUD AND DIM-PLE AT GRAND-MA'S.

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ROSE-BUD AND DIM-PLE AT GRAND-MA'S.

At home, Rose-bud and Dim-ple were fine lit-tle cit-y girls. Nurse El-len took great care of their em-broid-er-ies, their silk-en skirts, their com-plex-ions, and their man-ners.

But, once a year, Dim-ple and Rose-bud went to Grand-ma's house. Nurse El-len and the fine clothes were left at home. They were just Grand-ma's girls, and wore ging-ham dress-es and strong shoes, and wait-ed on them-selves.

They ran about in the or-chard and picked up ear-ly ripe ap-ples, brought in fresh eggs from the barn, and picked bo-quets when the flow-ers were full of dew and sweet smell.

But what think you Rose-bud and Dim-ple liked best of all?

The din-ners of pud-ding and milk.

Their grand-ma was a nice coun-try grand-ma, and knew how to make a has-ty pud-ding; and best of all, she let Dim-ple and Rose-bud help.

Grand-ma poured the wa-ter in the lit-tle black ket-tle, Rose-bud and Dim-ple each put in a pinch of salt, took turns at sift-ing the meal, and then both watched Grand-ma stir the pud-ding—how they liked to see the smooth, gold-en mass boil and bub-ble and sim-mer!

Then, when it was done, Grand-ma dipped out the gold-en spoon-fuls in-to the cream-y milk, the lit-tle girls sat down be-fore her on the three-legged wood-en stools, and she fed them — first Dim-ple, then Rose-bud.

Of course, they could have fed them-selves — but where would the fun have been then?



A SPRING SHOW-ER.

“ My gyp-sy hat
For my lit-tle head —
I can't wait a min-ute ! ”
Gold Locks said.

Look out, lit-tle girl,
Through the win-dow pane ;
You'll have to wait
Un-til af-ter the rain.

With a flood like this
Straight from the sky,
Not ev-en um-brel-las
Could keep you dry.

But there's wa-ter e-nough,
My lit-tle lass,
Stream-ing and drip-ping
Out-side the glass,

With-out your tears
To help the wet !
Have you thought to look
For a rain-bow yet?

Ah, see through the clouds
A glimpse of the sun !
And hark to the thrush-es —
The rain is done.



LIT-TLE PIC-NICS.



“Tra-la!” sang the children. “It is summer — the grass is green, and the birds sing!”

The mam-mas said “wait!” but the lit-tle ones ran out to



seek vi-o-lets and dai-sies; and soon the fields and woods were full of ti-ny pic-nics. But, what think you hap-pened?

Ba-by May went a-lone and got lost in a great for-est of last year’s bram-bles; and seven chil-dren went to-geth-er and sat down by the stream to tell

sto-ries, and caught bad colds; and Dot and her broth-er



were caught in the show-er; and Lil-ly danc-ed her dol-ly’s sil-ver slip-pers off while John-ny blew his new wil-low whis-tle.



Wait, lit-tle ones, when mam-ma says “wait!”

A-ME-LIA MAY.



A-ME-LIA MAY POUTS IN THE CORNER.

“Come here, my darl-ing A-me-lia
May,
You have not said a les-son to-day ;
This will nev-er do. If you go on
so
What an ig-no-rant lit-tle miss you’ll
grow !

“See, here is your book, and here’s
the place,
— Oh fie ! what a sulk-y lit-tle face !

Now, see how well you can say that ‘A.’”
But no sound came from A-me-lia May.

“Do you hear, my dear? If you do not mind
You’ll have no sup-per to-night, you’ll find.
Re-peat it af-ter me now, I say —”
But si-lent still was A-me-lia May.

Then mam-ma shook her : “You try-ing child,
I real-ly think you will drive me wild ;
Go in-to the corn-er now, and stay,
You naugh-ty lit-tle A-me-lia May !

“ — Will you say it now if I let you out,
Or stay in the corn-er there, and pout ? ”
But she would not speak the whole long day,
That ob-sti-nate Miss A-me-lia May !

She sat in the corn-er all that night,
Her ti-ny lips shut close and tight
As if she were think-ing : “ I won’t say ‘ A ’
As long as my name is A-me-lia May ! ”

And I grieve to say that she nev-er yet
Has learn-ed a bit of her al-pha-bet.
She nev-er has said so much as “ A ”—
That stub-orn dol-lie, A-me-lia May !



WHAT HAPPENED TO TOM-MY IN A HIGH WIND.



SUE MAKES A KITE.

SHE FLIES IT

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.— V.

Black-eyed, black-haired, red-cheeked Sue said girls were just as smart as boys. Her brother made kites; and Sue said she could make a kite, and fly it too.

She put on her blue hat with the gold feather and went out to the barn where Ned kept his old kite-frames and papers, and there she cut and pasted, cut and pasted, just as fast as she could.

By noon Sue had a red kite with a long gilt tail.

She took the kite and went out of doors. There was a high wind. It flapped her blue dress and gold sash until she feared she might turn into a kite herself and sail off. She tossed the kite, clapping her hands to see it go, forgetting to hold on to the string. In five minutes that kite was of sight, and she never saw it again.

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THREE LIT-TLE HOUSE-MAIDS.

THREE LIT-TLE HOUSE-MAIDS.

The three lit-tle Nor-ton girls were in trou-ble.

The house-keep-er was sick. Nora had "left." The house was un-ti-dy from top to bot-tom. Mam-ma was com-ing home to-mor-row and cous-in Jen-ny was com-ing with her.

What would cous-in Jen-ny think of the house? They couldn't tell, for they nev-er had seen her.

"It's too bad!" said Bes-sy.

"It is just too mean for any-thing!" said Belle.

But upjumped lit-tle Bertha. "Let us do it our own selves!" she said. "We can."

So they could. Why not? They knew dirt when they saw it. They could set chairs straight. They could wash paint and win-dows.

So they went to bed bright

and ear-ly; and if on-ly they had wak-ened bright and ear-ly too, they might have done some-thing won-der-ful; but all three lit-tle house-maids slept till the break-fast bell rang! And they had meant to clean the hall be-fore break-fast!

"Let's clean one room at a time!" said Bes-sy.

So the wash-ing and the sweep-ing and dust-ing all went on to-gether; and right in the midst of the smudge and steam the hall door-bell rang, and when Belle o-pened the door, therestood mam-ma and Jen-ny!

This would have been ver-y, ver-y bad in-deed, if Jen-ny had turned up her nose.

But she didn't! She was a jol-ly lit-tle girl, and as she hug-ged Belle, she whis-pered "O, what fun!"



A PEN-NY TO SPEND.

They gave me a pen-ny
If I wouldn't cry ;
We'll spend it to-ge-th-er,
You and I.

Look in the win-dow —
What shall we take ?
There is a beau-ti-ful
Frost-ed cake.

Cook-ies in plen-ty,
All one needs,
Speck-ed in the mid-dle
With car-a-way seeds.

How man-y buns
Would a pen-ny buy ?
We nev-er can tell
Un-til we try.

You must be fair,
You see, and di-vide :
I like the ones
With the cream in-side.

A whole bag full !
Well, that will do !
These are for me —
That one for you.



Where is that bird? — I heard him sing,
And I heard the flutter of his wing!

BA-BY DIM-PLE AT BREAK-FAST.



MISS DIM-PLE.

She sits in the porch with her
sauc-er;

Smeared are her fin-gers
and thumbs;

While a-round with nois-y clat-
ter

Old hen, with her chick-ens
comes.

Ba-by shoos and shoos, and
strikes them

With the spoon that spills
the crumbs:

*“Do ’way chick-ies! ’ou s’an’t
hab em—*

*My nice bwead an’ las-ses
tums!”*

But the chick-ies sly will pick
them

When Miss Dim-ple’s not
on the watch;

And old moth-er hen comes
bold-ly.

With her mind made up for
a snatch.

Take care, Mrs. Hen-ny-pen-
ny!

One good rap is what you
catch,

With Miss Dim-ple’s sharp ad-
vise-ment:

*“’Ou la-zy ol’ fing—go
scwatch!”*

THE DOGS AT OUR SCHOOL.

You have all read the story of the little lamb that followed Mary to school one day. We never had a lamb at our



WILSON AND CARLO.

school, but there are four dogs that come some-times. The boys and girls do not all laugh, and so the teacher does not turn them out.

Wilson's dog came to school first. He is a big, black Newfoundland, with a white stripe on his face and a white breast ;

and his name is Carlo.

Carlo is so strong that he can carry a little boy on his back.

In the long hot summer noons, he goes with the boys to swim in the pond, and he is the best swimmer of all.

The next dog that came to school was Uno; he is Madge's dog. He is a black shepherd dog, with long, silky hair. Uno is very polite; if you ask him to shake hands, he will hold up his right paw.

Joe is a little dog; he comes with Fred.

The teacher does not like Joe, because he will bark right out in school. She likes the other dogs, and often pats them on the head.

Fred often has to tie Joe fast in the morning to keep

him at home from school.

Car-lo and U-no come to school on-ly once in a while, but Jeff comes near-ly ev-e-ry day. Jeff be-longs to George, the small-est boy in the school; he comes to take care of his lit-tle mas-ter. He is a brown shep-herd dog. Jeff lies quiet-ly on the floor near George's seat. When George comes to



MADGE AND U-NO.

class to say his les-son, Jeff comes too; he looks ver-y wise, but he does not know a sin-gle

let-ter in his mas-ter's book.

At noon Jeff plays with the



FRED AND JOE.

boys and girls, but he nev-er for-gets to come and stand by the teach-er while she eats her din-ner. He wags his tail, and asks her with his eyes for a piece of bread and but-ter; she al-ways gives him a piece.

We all think that if Jeff could talk he would say, "I think we have a ver-y nice teach-er at our school."



DICK GOES A-FISH-ING.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—VI.

It was a dark storm-y day. The wind blew and the rain beat a-against the win-dow panes.

But as Dick had made up his mer-ry mind the night be-fore to go fish-ing, he put on his old grey suit and felt hat, and start-ed off.

He walk-ed a-long un-der the gay green land-scape pict-ure in the gold frame with the pea-cock feath-er ov-er it, un-till he came to Lounge Brook.

The soft brown banks of Lounge Brook were speckl-ed with pink flow-ers and green leaves which grew in rows.

In this qui-et spot Dick sat down to fish. He had a ver-y good fish-hook, and he soon filled his lit-tle yel-low bas-ket. He caught three spools of thread, a doll, and a lit-tle white cot-ton rab-bit.

Was not that good luck for one day?

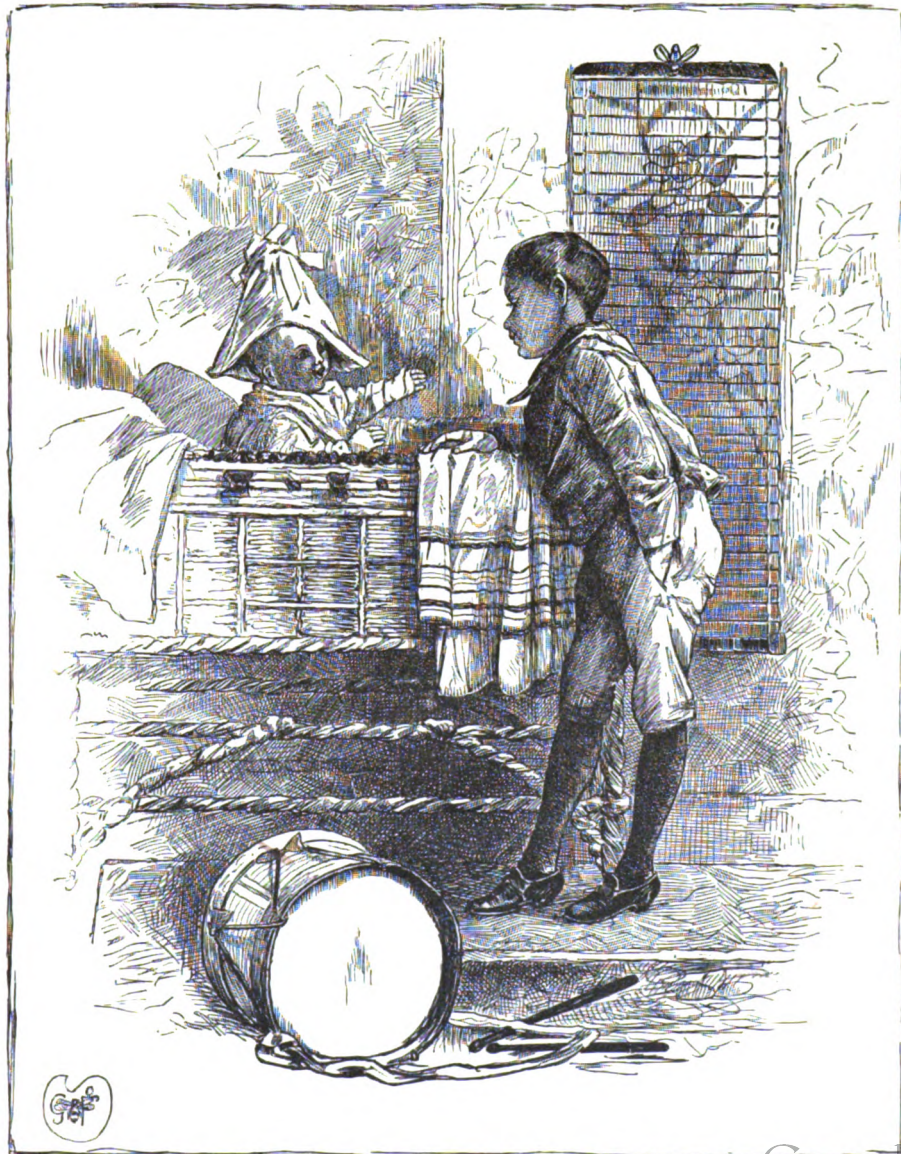
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HER-BERT'S LIT-TLE SIS-TER.

One morn-ing, Her-bert's mam-ma said, "I wish you were not such a lit-tle rogue, Her-bert, so that I could leave you with ba-by while I run down to the store."

Her-bert looked up at his mam-ma. She was anx-ious. She did not smile. His brown cheeks turned red as fire. *Was* he such a rogue that his mam-ma could not trust him?

Then he re-mem-bered how yes-ter-day he shut up a bee in a hol-ly-hock to fright-en ba-by! And the day be-fore he came in wear-ing a big yel-low "false face" made from a pump-kin shell, and jumped at her, and she cried a long time.

"I *can* do nice things, mam-ma," he said in a lit-tle, low, shamed tone.

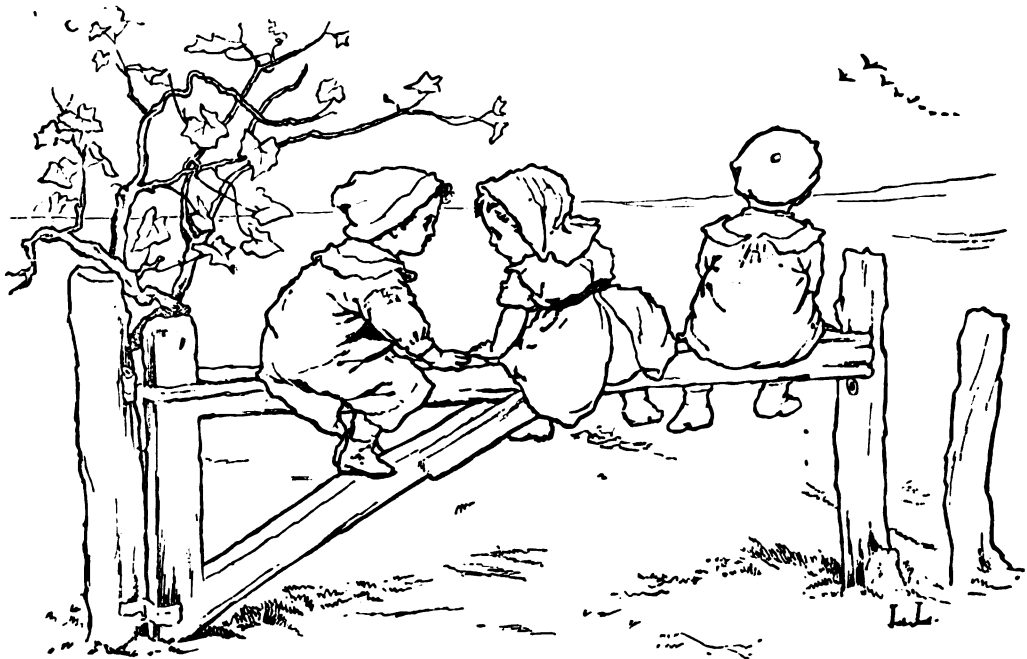
"Yes, dear, if you will,"

said his moth-er, ver-y gent-ly. "Lit-tle ba-bies suf-fer more from fright and shocks than grown peo-ple do — re-mem-ber that, Her-bert."

Her-bert was sad; but his ba-by sis-ter looked so hap-py as he drew the coach in-to the sun-shine that he felt sure she had for-got-ten all a-bout his naugh-ty tricks. He showed her now the good-broth-er side of his heart. Such a fine pa-per cap as he made for her, such a whis-tle, and such a long, long chain of dai-sies!

She was laugh-ing as they nev-er had heard her be-fore, when mam-ma came back.

"See her eyes dance!" cried Her-bert. "She is go-ing to be as big a rogue as I am, mam-ma! *Then* what will you do?"



"HERE WE'LL WAIT!"

BUT-TER-CUP, THE BOS-SY.

The lit-tle new bos-sy is so red,
 Al-most the col-or of a clo-ver-head !
 Lit-tle red But-ter-cup, lit-tle red But-ter-cup —
 This is the path she will come up.
 Here we'll wait at the mead-ow gate
 For half an hour, at an-y rate,
 Till, *kling-i-ty-kling*, the cow-bells ring,
 And we catch a glimpse of the pret-ty thing.
 From the top-most bar, for ev-er so far,
 We see to the green field where they are ;
 O, But-ter-cup, But-ter-cup, lit-tle red But-ter-cup !
 This is the path she will come up.

TWO LIT-TLE ROGUES.

The best place to go, to for a good time, is Grand-ma's.



ROB-BY AND HEL-EN.

Rob-by and Hel-en went to their grand-ma's, last sum-mer. She lives on a farm. Rob-by and Hel-en had good times there. They tum-bled on the hay. They gath-ered ap-ples. They cracked but-ter-nuts.

Some-times they got in-to mis-chief, and came in-to the house cov-ered with bruises and scratch-es.

Rob-by likes to climb o-ver fences and stone walls. Once a large stone rolled down on his fin-gers, and two of his fin-ger-nails came off.

Hel-en oft-en got in-to trouble, too, for she fol-lowed Rob-by al-most ev-er-y-where,



ALL A-BOARD!

and what-ev-er he did, she tried to do.

One day they were in the

or-ward, and Rob-by saw the girl bring out the churn and set it up to dry a-against the side of the house. Up jumped Rob-by. "Oh, I've thought

she was stand-ing on a bench be-side the churn. Then she



DOWN THE HILL.

of *such* fun, Hel-en," said he. "Let's put kit-ty in the churn, and roll her down that lit-tle hill at the side of the house. You wait here while I get my lit-tle pig grand-ma gave me."

"I will," said lit-tle Hel-en; and when Rob-by came back



THE ES-CAPE OF THE PAS-SEN-ERS.

put the pig in, and Rob-by put the kit-ty in. Kit-ty tried

to climb up the side. She had to be pushed back three times be-fore they could get the cov-er down. They tipped the churn o-ver and be-gan to roll it down the hill.

Poor lit-tle kit-ty! poor lit-tle pig-gy! how they did squeal and mew as they were rolled o-ver and o-ver, shut up in that churn!

But just as they got to the



REAL FUN THIS TIME!

bot-tom of the hill, the cov-er came off! Kit-ty flew a-way with a bound, and pig-gy came

out and ran off with a lit-tle bark.

Rob-by and Hel-en laughed



ROB-BY KNOWS NOW HOW THE PIG AND CAT FELT.

till their lit-tle fac-es were red.

Then they carried up the churn to roll again. But kit-ty and pig-gy could not be coaxed back; and it was no fun to roll the churn with nothing in it.

What *was* to be done?

Then Hel-en said, "Oh, Wob-by, oo det in and me'll woll oo down!"

Rob-by said that would be

“heaps” of fun! So he crept in-to the churn, feet first, with his head out, so as to *see the fun*. A-las, for Rob-by! he had e-nough fun for *that* day. It was ver-y nice un-til he got to the hill, and be-gan to roll down. Jolt and bump, jolt and bump! He thought he nev-er would stop! At last

he got to the bot-tom. He crawled out, but he was too diz-zy to stand. Ev-er-y-thing seemed to go round and round, and his face turned so ver-y white that Hel-en ran for grand-ma.

Poor Rob-by! he had to stay in bed all the rest of the day.

THE ANX-IOUS DOG-GY.



Take care, lit-tle mas-ter,
Or you'll fall in!

That wa-ter is up
To your ver-y chin.
Please don't! please don't,
My mas-ter dear —

O, I wish your moth-er
Wouldn't send you here!

For oh! lit-tle mas-ter,
What could I do,
If you should fall in,
But jump in too?



' HOPE AT THE SEA-SHORE.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—VII.

How Hope clapped her hands when she first saw the blue, blue sea! How she laughed at the lit-tle brown don-key with his big ears! Mam-ma laid the gold and pur-ple aff-ghan on his back, and Hope rode up and down the soft grey sand. The sun was hot, but Hope's blue-trimmed hat shad-ed her, and she raised her Jap-an-ese par-a-sol. Soon, too, the sea-

breeze blew, and flut-tered her gold-en locks, and her rose-col-ored skirts; and Hope was so jolly that the don-key stuck out his red tongue as if he were laugh-ing too.

Next morn-ing there was bet-ter fun still. Hope and her ba-by sister, in their blue dress-es, went down to the beach and sat un-der a big buff um-brel-la, and dug wells, and built sand houses.

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DOWN SHE FLEW ON THE FAT WHITE ARM

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JA-MIE AND THE BEE.

One sum-mer morn-ing lit-tle Ja-mie Bin-ney jumped out of bed and ran to the kitch-en be-fore he was dressed. He was a great rogue, and oft-en did that.

There was no-bod-y in the kitch-en but a black-and-gold bum-ble-bee, sit-ting on the win-dow-sill. Mrs. Bin-ney was out some-where. A plate of nice toast stood on the hearth. The eggs were read-y to boil. Ja-mie pat-tered a-bout peep-ing in-to the dish-es. The bee kept her eye on him — she had seen Mas-ter Ja-mie be-fore.

Soon Ja-mie spied some veg-e-ta-bles on the ta-ble. "I will make a sal-ad," said he. He tore off some leaves, and laid them in a dish. Then he took up the vin-e-gar cru-et.

"See here! *buzz! buzz!*" said the bee. But Ja-mie

poured it in. Then he took a big hand-ful of salt. The bee laughed — she could not help it. Next he got the sal-ad oil. "Now *that* is *too* much," said the bee. "Mrs. Bin-ney would be real vexed to have her sal-ad oil wast-ed. As she has left things in my care, I must see that he don't do it."

She flew a-round Ja-mie's head, and buzzed ver-y loud.

But he got the stop-per out, and tipped up the bot-tle. "I am sor-ry to do more than buzz," said the bee, "yet it seems that I must."

Down she flew on the fat white arm, near the big dim-ple.

"*Ow!*" said Ja-mie.

Here Mrs. Bin-ney en-tered.

"All right, I've saved your sal-ad' oil," said the bee, and off she flew.



SEE HOW BRAVE!



WHAT IF SHE BITES!

A BRAVE GIRL.

See what a nice brave girl I am,
To feed my lamb!
I go right up to her, close as I can,
And say, "Nan-nan,
Here is a pinch of salt or two,
Pret-ty Nan-nan, that I brought to you—
Pret-ty Nan-nan!

Oh, my! how big she is! Only see
Her look at me!
What if her teeth were long and white,
And she should bite?
She's al-most like the wolf in the wood
That ate up lit-tle Red Rid-ing Hood—
Naugh-ty Nan-nan!

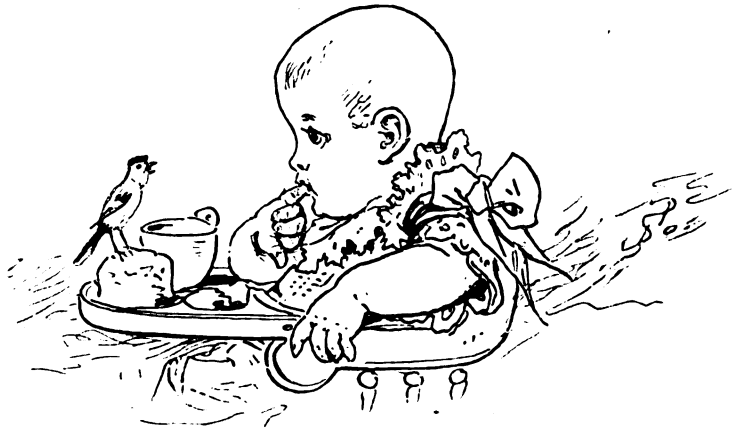


Look out, Mrs. Nurse,
He'll es-cape from your hold !
The bath-tub's too big,
And the wa-ter's too cold.

AT BREAK-FAST.

A gay lit-tle bird
That want-ed some fun
Flew in and light-ed
On the ba-by's bun.

He pecked at a cur-rant,
He sipped from the cup,
Then hopped on the loaf,
And thus piped up :



AN AS-TON-ISHED BA-BY.

"Peep-sy weeps ! Ba-by, say,
What 'll you give if I will stay ?
Peep-sy weeps ! Ba-by, O,
What 'll you give if I will go ?"

He splashed the milk,
He nib-bled the bread,
He spread both wings,
He stood on his head.

But still the ba-by
Said nev-er a word —
And out of the win-dow
Flashed the bird !

"Peep-sy weeps !" loud sang he,
"Such a stu-pid ba-by I nev-er did see!
Nev-er a smile, nev-er a word —
Peep-sy weeps ! I'm glad I'm a bird !"



See the sweet sum-mer ba-bies! A great paint-er

paint-ed them man-y, man-y years a-go, in a coun-try a-cross the sea. He did not dream then how the chil-dren of oth-er coun-tries, in years to come, would like to look at his beau-ti-ful pict-ure! You may think, if you choose, that these pret-ty crea-tures are the four sea-sons. met to-geth-er to plan a long hap-py new year for you.

Lit-tle Miss Jul-i-et had a great scare the first day she spent in the coun-try. She and the French doll were sit-ting out in the tall green grass. She had lain down a-gainst a lit-tle hil-lock, when all at once a green-and-brown drag-on — so Jul-i-et called him — looked down from a grass-blade up-on her with two great, round, dread-ful eyes. The



JUL-I-ET SEES THE DRAGON.

French doll faint-ed a-way. Jul-i-et ran in to tell grand-ma.

Grand-ma said this ver-y dread-ful green-and-brown drag-on was a grass-hop-per.



"I CALLED TO IN-VITE YOU TO TAKE A WALK."

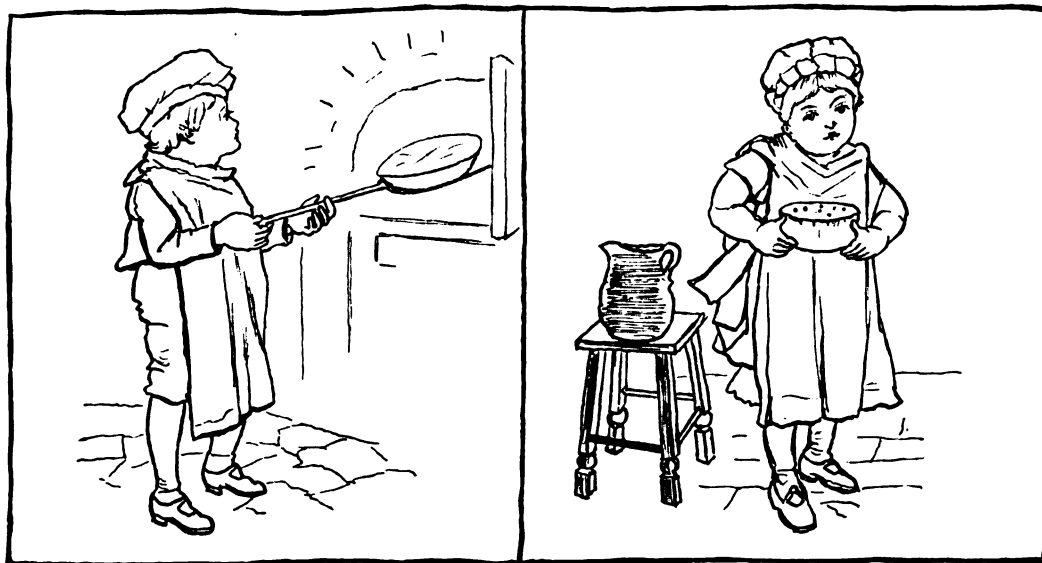
MRS. MOUSE AND HER VIS-I-TOR.

One night last week a strange thing happened to Mrs. Mouse. She was sitting in her door, knitting on a brown-and-white stocking for her old-est, when a shadow fell on the ground. She looked up and saw a most el-e-gant

be-ing stand-ing be-fore her.

"I called, ma-dame," said he, "to in-vite you to take a moon-light walk."

Mrs. Mouse re-fused, and he de-part-ed. But she oft-en wonders who he was and what would have hap-pened if she had gone.



THE LIT-TLE BAK-ER.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—VIII.

Little flax-en-haired Peter's moth-er dressed him up clean in green jack-et and trow-sers, and red stock-ings, and sent him out to play while she went to make a call.

Little flax-en-haired Peter played un-til he was hun-gry. Then he went in. No one was there, and he could not o-pen the cup-board door. A pan of floor stood on the ta-ble, and a bowl of ber-ries.

"I can make a pud-ding," said lit-tle Pe-ter.

So he poured wa-ter in-to the bowl of ber-ries, and stirred in flour un-til it was thick. Then he set it in the old red brick ov-en, and ran out to play.

He ran in a-gain just as his moth-er came home. She found him with a raw lit-tle ber-ry pud-ding in his hand.

The lit-tle bak-er had for-got-ten to build a fire!

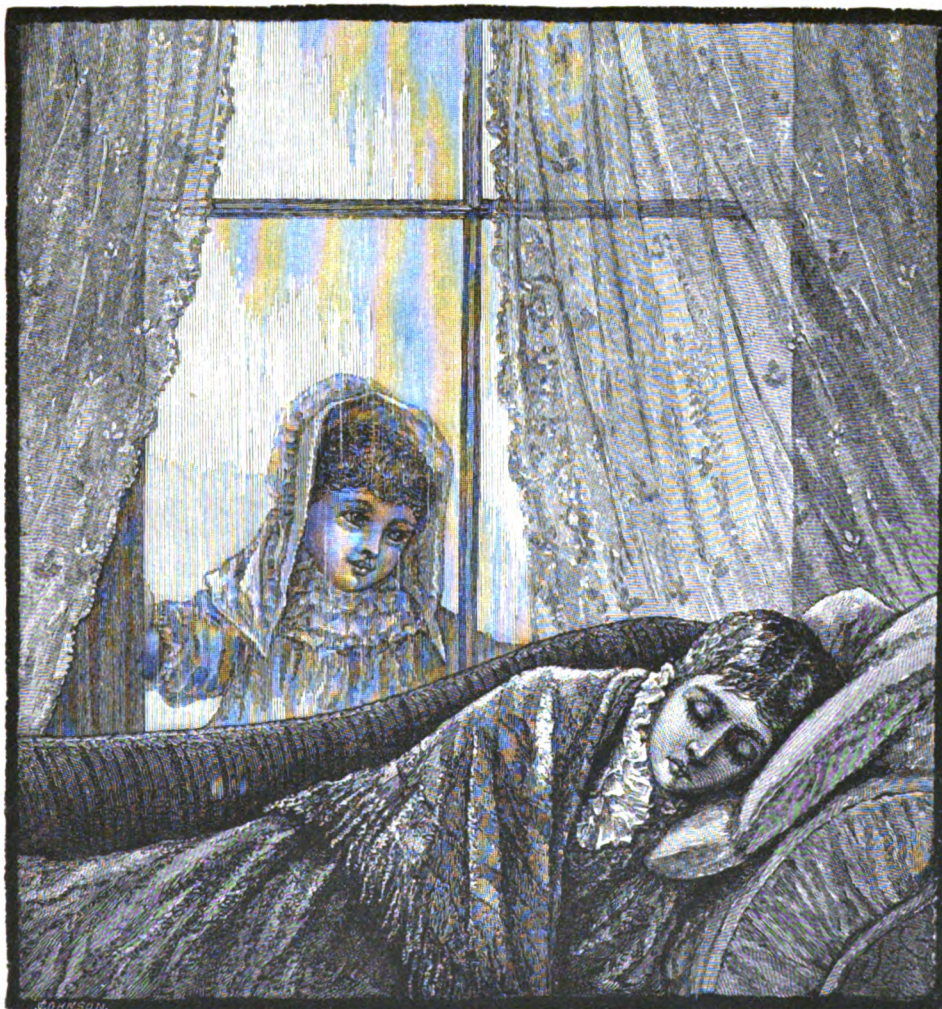
BABYLAND

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MAM-MA'S NAP.

MAM-MA'S NAP.

Mam-ma need-ed a nap so much. She had not slept well for weeks, be-cause Min-nie's whoop-ing cough had been so bad.

Aunt Sue made a co-sey nest for her on the so-fa ; then she put on Min-nie's white sun-bon-net, stuffed some rai-sins in-to the cun-ning lit-tle a-pron pock-et, and sent her out to play in the sun-shine. " Bless her ! I hope she'll stay a long time," she said.

Mam-ma was just sink-ing a-way in-to a sweet nap, when two lit-tle boots came up on the ve-ran-da with a crash, and *drum, drum*, went some lit-tle fin-gers on the win-dow-pane ; and mam-ma start-ed up to see some red lips and a pug nose made flat and white a-against the glass, and two

big black eyes dan-cing a-top of them.

Aunt Sue shook her head, and some-bod-y ran a-way. The clock ticked for ten min-utes ver-y loud. Then *clat-ter, clat-ter*, came the small boots a-gain.

This time the fat lit-tle thing stubbed her toe and tum-bled a-against the door.

Thir-ty pounds of lit-tle girl com-ing *bump!* a-against it—no won-der the door flew wide o-pen.

Mam-ma jumped up out of her nest in a fright ! " Mer-cy ! what *is* that ; " said she ; then she laughed, when she saw the fat lit-tle bun-dle pick-ing it-self up.

" It's no use," said she ; and so she put away her pil-lows and went to work.



"PUT OUT."



GLAD TO MEET.

LIT-TLE GOLD HEAD.

The lit-tle Gold Head was so "put out,"
Though none but her-self knew what a-bout,
That she sat on the door-steps a-while to pout—
Oh, greed-y lit-tle Gold Head!

"I had one tart, but I want-ed two,
So, I'll run a-way—that's what I'll do!"
And she found White-wool in the mead-ow dew
Cropping the clo-ver red.

The two were friends, and glad to meet.
She cried: "Nan-nan, is the clo-ver sweet?
And can you have all you want to eat?"
"Ba-a, ba-a-a!" he said.

JIP.

Such a fun-ny dog as un-cle Jack saw one day when he was in the cit-y ! It was hot weath-er, and some-bod-y had sheared



JIP.

Jip to make him more com-
fort-a-ble. But they had done
it in such a fun-ny way ! They
had left a great white ruf-
fle of curl-y hair a-round each
dear lit-tle foot, and one on
his back, and on his tail, and
a big wav-

ingtas-selat the end of his
tail, and a great curl-y cap
on his head, and a great
white cape a-round his neck.

His black eyes twink-led
as un-cle Jack looked at
him, as if to say, " Don't
I look cute, sir ? "

His mas-ter came and held
up a gild-ed hoop, and Jip
jumped through it, and then
leaped back a-gain.

" This is just the dog for a
pres-ent to a lit-tle fel-low
I know," said un-cle Jack.

He bought the curl-y dog
and the gild-ed hoop, and
took the pres-ent home to
his lit-tle neph-ew, Joe.

So now Jip is a lit-tle coun-
try dog, and jumps through
the hoop a doz-en times a
day for a lit-tle mas-ter not
much big-ger than him-self.

AT THE SHORE.

Last sum-mer Tom, Ber-tie and Nell wad-ed knee-deep in but-ter-cups and clo-ver, and pelt-ed each oth-er with dai-sies.

This year they lie on the beach, build sand forts, and pelt each oth-er with shells, and crown each oth-er with wet wreaths of sea-weed.

Last sum-mer they tum-bled a-bout on the swaths of new hay.

This year they take hold of hands and run out to meet the big white break-ers — o-ver they go with a leap, all to-geth-er, right in-to the heart of the foam-ing white surf, and mam-ma can-not see them at all for a whole sec-ond. Ah, there they are now, all three on their feet a-gain, and read-y for the next break-er!

Who can tell which is most fun — the old farm up in the hills, or the shore? Last sum-mer Nell and her broth-ers



SAND FORTS.

cried, " Hur-rah for grand-pa's farm!" This year they hur-rah for the sea.

BA-BY FAY FER-NY.

What is this, with blue
 Lit-tle shoes, so new —
 Cun-ning lit-tle feet,
 Trot-ting down the street,
 What will mam-ma say?
 Ba-by's run a-way —
 Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.



BA-BY FAY FER-NY.

Calls a boy: "Hal-loo!
 See here, lit-tle pop-pet show,
 Come with me!" "No, no,
 Ba-by's do-in' do

Ba-by's own self! "Fast
 Round the cor-ner passed
 Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Stops a great big man
 Hur-ry-ing all he can:
 "Here! what's this! My!
 Dropped down from the sky?
 Some-bod-y's to blame!
 Ba-by, what's your name?"
 "Ba-by Fay Fer-ny."

"Where you go-ing? say!"
 "Day-day." "What's that,
 hey?"

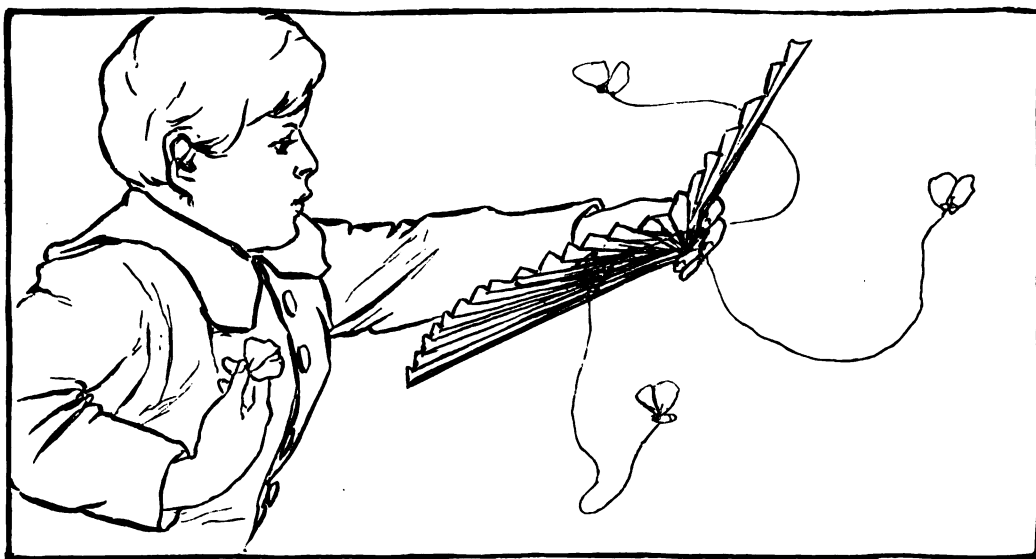
See the ba-by fidg-et!
 What d'you want, you midg-et."
 "Piece o'but-ter-bed,
 Su-gy on it, 'las-ses on it,
 Jam on it," said
 Ba-by Fay Fer-ny.

Peo-ple pause to see :
La-dies, one, two, three ;
A po-lice-man, too ;
But no one that knew
Whence the ba-by came.
“ What’s your pa-pa’s name ? ”
“ Pa-pa Fay Fer-ny.”

Comes a breath-less maid :
“ O dear ! I’m a-fraid
Ba-by’s lost and gone —
Ba-by Fer-gu-son !
No — there, down the street !
O, you naugh-ty sweet
Ba-by Fay Fer-ny ! ”



TAK-ING THE BA-BY DUCKS OUT FOR A SWIM.



CARL'S BUT-TER-FLIES.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—IX.

Carl had no broth-ers and sis-ters; yet he was a ver-y smil-ing boy so long as the sun shone. His blue eyes spark-led, his red cheeks dim-pled.

But when the storm-y days came, then Carl looked so-ber. He looked out oft-en to see if there was an-y blue sky; then he played with the cat, and with the dog. He made tops and kites, and whit-tled out wood-en Jacks.

One snow-y day he had a happy thought. He made some gilt-pa-per but-ter-flies, and flew them a-bout from his moth-er's scar-let fan. That was fun! Carl act-u-al-ly laughed in the face of the fly-ing snow-flakes.

“Hur-rah!” he cried, as he fanned the glit-ter-ing crea-tures a-bout. “A fine sum-mer day—see what a swarm of but-ter-flies!”

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"WHY, WHAT IS HERE!"

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THE FAIR-Y-LAND PUS-SY.

Bes-sy set the bowl of warm, new milk out on the grass. Then she ran in to get Fi-do. She put her cher-ry-red lips to-ge-th-er, and called, "Fi-do! Fi-do!"

A lit-tle fat brown dog hopped down from the rock-ing chair. He stood at her feet and looked up in her face, and wagged his short tail. Bes-sy danced a-way. "Break-fast, Fi-do!" she called.

"Why, what is here?" she said, as she stepped out.

"Bow-wow!" said Fi-do.

Com-pa-ny had come to break-fast. Such ill-be-haved com-pa-ny too! A lit-tle white cat was help-ing her-self to Fi-do's milk; and the min-ute she set her eyes on Fi-do she raised her back, o-pened her mouth, spit and growled, grew

twice as big as she was be-fore, and waved so e-nor-mous a tail that ba-by Fi-do just sat back on his lit-tle hind feet and howled with fright.

The lit-tle white kit-ty nev-er stirred. She put her pink tongue back in-to the milk and lapped it up, and Bes-sy thought her too pret-ty to send a-way.

When the lit-tle white kit-ty had fin-ished her break-fast, she turned a-way, and with-out e-ven say-ing "thank you," pat-ted off down the gar-den walk, and they nev-er saw her a-gain.

When Bes-sy took Fi-do out to walk that day, she in-quired at ev-er-y house on the street, but no one knew an-y-thing of a lit-tle white cat.

Bes-sy thinks now that she must have been a lit-tle pus-sy out of fair-y-land.



AN OC-TO-BER PIC-NIC.

Out on the sun-ny grass, out on the sun-ny grass,
Goes for an hour's play the kin-der-gar-ten class.
The ba-by is so fat and odd, they twine a wreath of gold-en-rod,
And make be-lieve she's queen — the lit-tle lass.
And af-ter she is crowned, and af-ter she is crowned,
They'll fetch their bask-ets full of lunch, and seat them-selves
a-round ;
The queen will nib-ble bread and cheese, will catch a lit-tle
cold, will sneeze,
And throw her crusts and crumbs up-on the ground.
Oh, nev-er, nev-er mind, oh, nev-er, nev-er mind,
If at a din-ner on the green some fun-ny things you find—
All sort of bugs that want the cake ; or if a crick-et by mis-take
Crawls on the sand-wiches, oh, nev-er mind!



WIN-NIE AND WIL-LIE.

GOOD-BYE TO THE COUN-TRY.

Win-nie and Wil-lie were going back to the cit-y next day. "Oh dear," said Win-nie, as they sat on the banks of the stream, "we shall not see a live fish a-gain for a year!"

"No, nor a squir-rel," said Wil-lie, "nor an-y birds but the tame ones on the Com-mon."

"Well," said Win-nie, after a long sigh, "we shall see pa-pa ev-er-y day in-stead of just Sun-days—that will be some-thing!"

Then they ran in to pack their trunk.

This is what the bird that lived by the brook said, af-ter Win-nie and Wil-lie had gone in: Good-bye, lit-tle boy and girl! I hope your pa-pa will like to have you a-round bet-

ter than I do! You have scared my ba-bies! You have kept me from com-ing for a drink man-y a time, and you



THE BIRD BY THE BROOK.

al-ways were wak-ing me out of my noon-naps in the thick-et—good-bye, lit-tle boy and girl, and don't come here a-gain next sum-mer, please!



WASH-WASH-YOU-CAT.

TAB-BY'S LULL-A-BY.

Wash-wash-you-cat,
Now this side, now that !
Wash-wash-you-cat,
Keep clean and grow fat !

Four lit-tle ears,
And eight lit-tle paws,
Two small nos-es,
And for-ty sharp claws,

Give moth-er's tongue
A great deal to do.
So hush! keep still,
And I'll sing to you :

*Purr-r, purr-r,
In a sil-ver house,
Moth-er once saw
A lit-tle white mouse;*

*Soft white fur,
And lit-tle pink eyes,
So round and plump,
And so ver-y wise.*

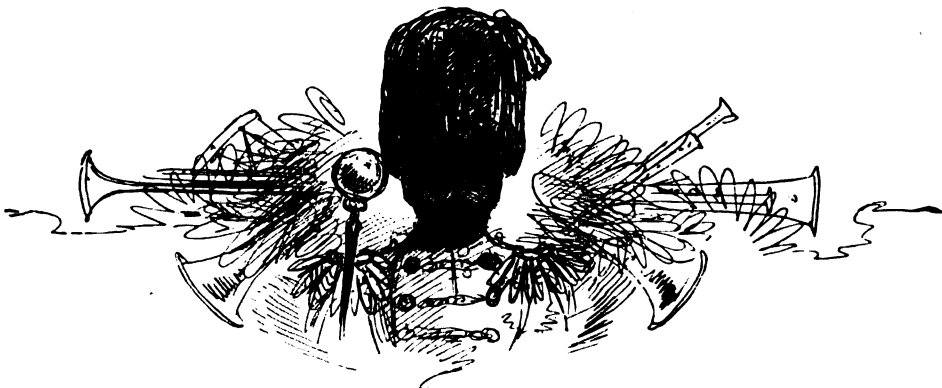
Wash-wash-you-cat,
Now hold up your chin.
Me-ow! don't you scratch—
To scratch is a sin.

Me-ow! Me-ow!
You *bad* lit-tle cat,
You mustn't bite;
Moth-er won't stand that!

Purr-r! purr-r!
Now shut up your eyes;
Moth-er will make
You some cat-nip pies.

Purr-r! purr-r!
Lit-tle balls of fur,
Purr-r! purr-r!
Lie still, and don't stir.

Wash-wash-you-cat,
Lit-tle balls of fur!
Wash-wash-you-cat,
Purr-r! purr-r!





THE BA-BY'S DOLL.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—X.

The black-haired ba-by was fast a-sleep. He lay on the great crim-son so-fa. His black eye-lash-es rest-ed on his moist pink cheeks. He did not once stir a-mong the white pil-lows. He was covered close with the pink and gold blank-et. Joe, his doll, was sure that he was a-sleep.

Joe's lit-tle green suit was ver-y tight-fit-ting, but he threw up his arms, o-pened

his mouth, and spoke a-loud:

“Of all bad things,” said he, “the worst is to be a ba-by’s doll! you have *no* rest! He takes you to pound with! He takes you to sweep with! He takes you to strike his moth-er and sister with! You *nev-er* go to bed! You are left ly-ing a-bout! You are held by a string while he sleeps! Pit-y, oh, pit-y the sor-rows of a ba-by’s doll!”

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"FIST-OFF!"

“ FIST-OFF ! ”

BA-BY Char-lie had had the mea-sles, and was as cross as if he had had six mea-sles. Mam-ma was glad when aunt-ie Bel popped in. Aunt-ie Bel was a jolly aunt-ie, twelve years old. She took him in her lap. “ Let’s play ‘ Fist-off,’ ” she said.

She put one of her fists on the ta-ble, and Char-lie put one of his on top of it; then she put her oth-er fist on top of his, and he put his oth-er on top of that. “ What’s that ? ” said she, look-ing at Char-lie’s fist. “ Fiss-off.” “ Take it off, or I’ll knock it off ! ” He took it off, quick, then touched aunt-ie Bel’s. “ Wha’s dat ? ” “ Fist off.” “ Off, or ’ll noss’t off ! ”

So they went on till all the fists were kncked off. Then Char-lie said : “ Where’s me’s share ? ” “ Cat’s got it,” said

aunt-ie. “ Where’s cat ? ” “ Up in the tree.” “ Where’s twee ? ” “ Fire burned it.” “ Where’s fire ? ” “ Wa-ter quenched it.” “ Where’s wa-wa ? ” “ Ox drank it.” “ Where’s ox ? ” “ Butch-er killed it.” “ Where’s butch-er ? ” “ Rope hung him.” “ Where’s wope ? ” “ Up in tree,” said aunt-ie Bel ; “ and who laughs first shall have *six* GOOD PINCH-ES ! ”

Char-lie puck-ered up his face; aunt-ie made hers long.

All at once aunt-ie o-pened her mouth, with a smack. Char-lie for-got a-bout the six pinch-es and laughed. Then aunt-ie pinched one lit-tle fat leg, and the oth-er; one soft arm, and the oth-er; one chub-by cheek, and the oth-er.

This is how they played “ Fist-off ! ”



WILL YOU COME?



AT THE SPRING.

JACK AND JILL.

“OH, lit-tle lass Jill, oh, lit-tle lass Jill,
Will you come, will you come with me?
I’ve a new tin pail, and the wa-ter in the well
Is the cool-est that can be.”

“Oh, bold boy Jack, you bold boy Jack,
You are tell-ing what is not true,
For sweet as any-thing is the wa-ter in the spring,
And I’d ra-ther go there, thank you!”

So off whis-tled Jack with his new tin pail,
To the cool well on the hill,
And—cun-ning lit-tle thing—to the sweet-wa-ter spring,
With her cup in hand, went Jill.

MORN-ING AT OUR HOUSE.

When the first gray light creeps in through the curtains



AR-THUR.

there is gen-er-al-ly a sud-den nest-ling to be heard in the crib that stands at one side of the bed. Soon Ar-thur's curl-y yel-low head pops up out of the pil-lows.

"Are you waked up, Dol-ly-ba-by?" calls a mer-ry voice.

Now there is a sud-den nest-ling in the crib that stands on the oth-er side of the bed.

"*Coo-ah-goo-coo*," an-swers Dol-ly-ba-by.

"Mam-ma, I want to see her," says Ar-thur, sit-ting up to look o-ver.

Then mam-ma parts the lace curtains of Dol-ly-ba-by's crib, and dis-clos-es the lit-tle sis-ter, all sweet and ro-sy with sleep, smil-ing on her pil-low.

"Loves Dol-ly-ba-by," says



DOL-LY-BA-BY.

Ar-thur, throw-ing a kiss.

Dol-ly makes fun-ny eyes at her broth-er, and throws up her fat lit-tle hands. "Ah-goo-goo!" she says.

“Let me have her, please, mam-ma,” says Ar-thur.

Then Dol-ly-ba-by is lift-ed o-ver in-to the big crib ; and

there is rock-ing and sing-ing and smil-ing and coo-ing un-til nurse comes to car-ry both rogues a-way to be dressed.

MOON FOLKS.

See how quiet it is at e-ven-ing in the house of the Man in the Moon. The Moon moth-er sits down to knit baby stock-ings like the mam-mas here ; and the Moon fa-ther wears a smok-ing cap as oth-er pa-pas do — and on-ly just see what the sweet lit-tle Moon ba-by has got for a ham-mock !

“By-lo-by !” the Moon ba-by sings. “How bright the earth shines to-night ! I like to swing in the ham-mock by earth-light !”

“I won-der if an-y-bod-y lives in the earth,” says the Moon moth-er.



MOON FOLKS.

“That is some-thing I sup-pose we nev-er shall know,” says the Moon fa-ther.

A FIN-GER SONG.

(To be said on Ba-by's Fin-gers.)

- I. Shall have an ap-ple ;
- II. Shall have a pear ;
- III. Shall have a lit-tle kid, of which he'll take good care ;
- IV. Shall have some can-dy ;
- V. Shall have a ride ;
- VI. Shall have a lit-tle sword, all buck-led on his side ;
- VII. Shall have a po-ny ;
- VIII. Shall have a sled ;
- IX. Shall have a dream-ing cap, and X. shall go to bed.

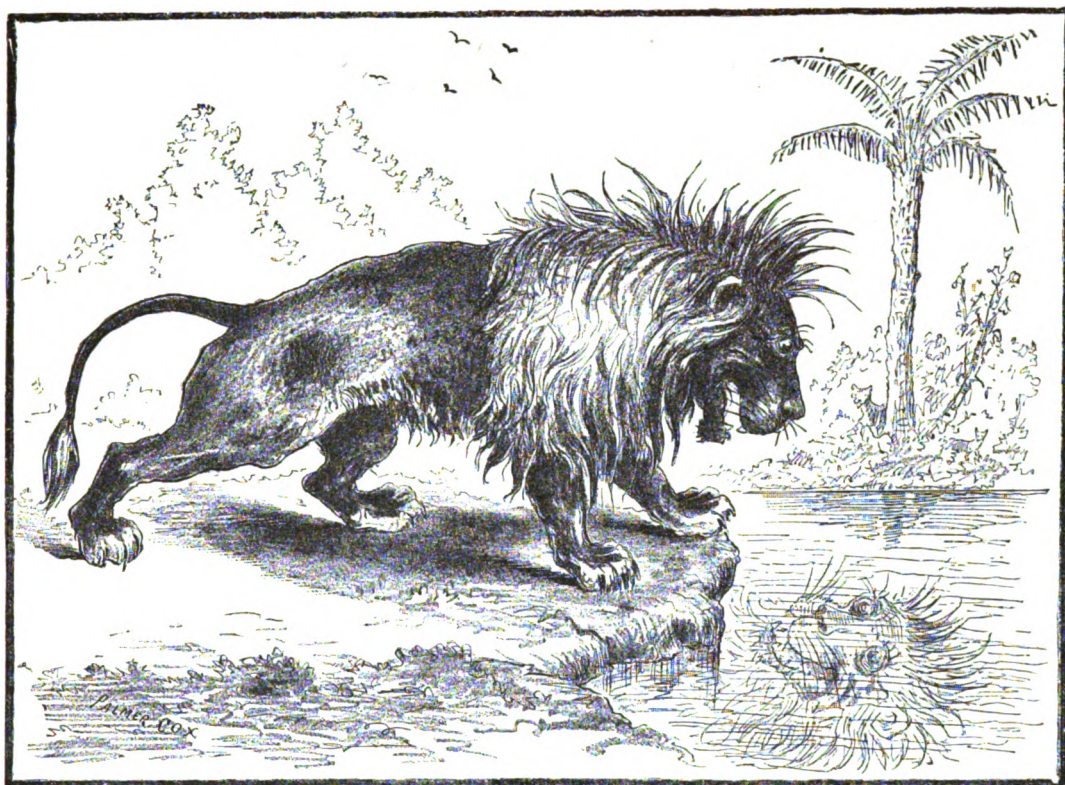


KATE FEEDS THE FISH-ES.

The birds in the grove
know lit-tle farm-house Kate.

The fish-es in the brook know
lit-tle farm-house Kate. She
is the girl that walks a-bout
with her a-pron full of nice
crumbs.

The first morn-ing this win-
ter that the brook froze o-ver,
Kate went down to the bank
and broke the ice with a stick,
and fed the fish-es with bread-
crumbs.



THE LI-ON FINDS A LOOK-ING-GLASS.

THE LI-ON'S O-PIN-ION OF HIM-SELF.

<p>A li-on gazed down at his shad-ow one day ; Said he, " I look fierce, I de- clare! No won-der my neigh-bors keep out of my way, And wish they were birds of the air!</p>	<p>"And I own that real-ly I feel a-fraid Some-times when I hear my- self roar!" And he wished as he went and lay down in the shade That he need be a li-cn no more.</p>
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DICK-Y DIL-VER.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—XI.

When the first snow-flake fell, black-eyed Dick-y Dil-ver be-gan to get read-y for a good time. First, he brought “Flash,” his blue sled, down from the attic. He was so glad to see “Flash” a-gain that he caught hold of the yellow leath-er lines, ran out-doors bare-head-ed, and gal-loped off down the walk as fast as he could go. Then he came in and hunt-ed up his speck-led

red mit-tens, leg-gings and scarf.

“Hur-rah!” he cried. “Come on with your snows and your blows, old Mr. Win-ter, I’m read-y!”

But the sun shone next day, and next day, and next day, for two whole weeks.

Then, one night a big snow storm came — and *such* a snow-ball as Dick-y Dil-ver rolled up to the front door next day!

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"CLIP, CLIP, CLIP!"

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ROB-IN'S CURLS.

RUTH and Rob-in sat under the ap-ple-tree.

Rob-in Red-breast sat up in the ap-ple-tree, ver-y sad. He could find no nest-lin-ing to please his wife, Ju-lia Tea-leaf.

Bird Rob-in had nev-er known Boy Rob-in and his sis-ter to be so qui-et. As he looked down he saw some-thing shin-ing in Ruth-ie's hand.

Clip, it went, *clip, clip, clip*, all o-ver Boy Rob-in's head. With ev-er-y clip a curl fell off on the ground.

Soon Boy Rob-in and Ruth went a-way down by the bush-es. Then Bird Rob-in began to call: "*Ju-lia* Tea-leaf! *Ju-lia* Tea-leaf!"

Ju-lia Tea-leaf heard, but she had no faith in him. She

flew a-long ver-y slow-ly. But when she came to the ap-ple-tree she dart-ed down quick-ly.

"Yel-low as gold, soft as silk!" she cried. "Just the thing to line the nest!"

The tea-bell rang. Ruth and Rob-in went in-to the house. But soon they came out a-gain, and with them, mam-ma, pa-pa, grand-pa, and Bridg-et, to look for Rob-in's curls. Un-der the ap-ple-tree they found the scis-sors, and a piece of one curl.

All sum-mer they won-dered what had be-come of the rest. They nev-er found out till nut-ting time, when un-cle Dan climbed the but-ter-nut-tree. Then he found Bird Rob-in's nest, and his neph-ew's curls, all wov-en in a-mong the tough grass-es.



THE CHRIST-MAS CARDS.

A RING at the door ;
 The post-man said :
 “ Some-thing here
 For the cur-ly-head —

“ For the cur-ly-head
 A bon-bon box ;
 And a big en-vel-ope
 For sweet Gold-Locks.”

Who could have sent them ?
 Af-ter a pause,
 Some-bod-y whis-pered,
 “ San-ta Claus ! ”

“ And mine has a heart
 On the cov-er too,”
 Glee-ful-ly shout-ed
 Lit-tle Boy Blue.

Leave the ten-pins,
 And drop the ball,
 Christ-mas cards
 Are bet-ter than all !

San-ta Claus’ let-ters
 They are ? In-deed,
 You lit-tle folks
 Should learn to read !

IN THE DOVE COT.



“Coo, coo,”
said Pur-ple-
neck, “it is
break-fast
time.”

“Yes,” said
Gray-wing,
“I was think-

ing of the cit-y doves. There

was a snow-storm last night.”

“Yes,” said Pur-ple-neck,
“but they will not suf-fer. I
am told that many a fine gen-
tle-man buys a loaf of bread
to crum-ble up for the cit-y
doves on a win-ter’s day.”

“Hea-ven bless ’em,” said
Gray-wing.

TWO KIND LIT-TLE GIRLS.

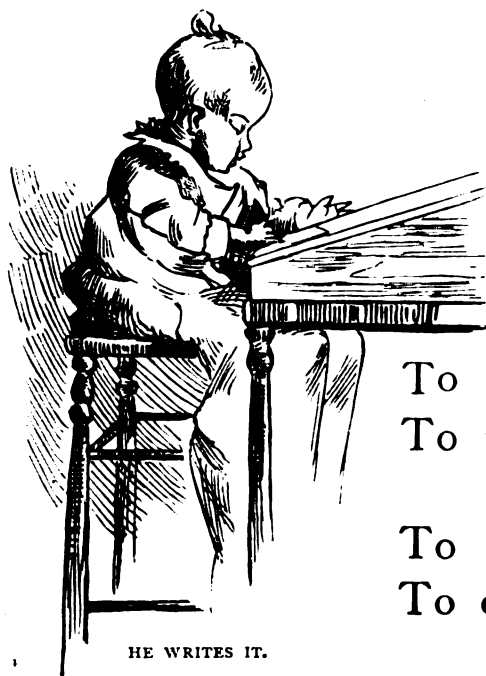
Whith-er a-way,
Lit-tle la-dies so gay?
“O, o-ver the hill
To Grand-moth-er Dill!”
And what have you there
In your bas-ket square?
“O, pud-dings and pies,
A lit-tle sur-prise!”
Why such good-will
To Grand-moth-er Dill?
“O, ev-er-y one should



On Christ-mas do good!”
Lit-tle maids, good day!
Flow-ers strew your way!

WHAT BA-BY DID.

What do you think the ba-by did?
Why, Ba-by did as he was bid!



HE WRITES IT.

The dar-ling took a pen, and wrote—
A lit-tle in-vi-ta-tion note,

To all the aunts, and grand-mam-ma,
To un-cles all, and grand-pa-pa,

To all the ba-by-kin ar-ray,
To come to din-ner Christ-mas Day.

He wrote it ver-y black and plain,
Criss-crossed and marked it all
a-gain;

And though he had not had his nap
He next was seen in cloak and cap,

And go-ing up the crowd-ed street,
Safe in his hand the mis-sive sweet,



HE MAILS IT.

To drop it in the box him-self,
The art-ful lit-tle dar-ling elf!



A COLD NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

One win-ter night it grew cold so ver-y fast that kind old grand-moth-er bear was dis-
turbed in the midst of her mid-win-ter nap. She could hear the fox-es and rab-bits and

squir-rels cry-ing and mov-ing a-bout all through the for-est.

"I fear it must be freez-ing cold," she said. "I must get up and build a fire, or they will all freeze to death."

So she came out of her hol-low tree and built a fire.

Soon it shone far and near, and the poor shiv-er-ing crea-tures of the woods came run-nig there from all di-rec-tions.

Those whose paws were not too numb brought sticks and barks as they came.

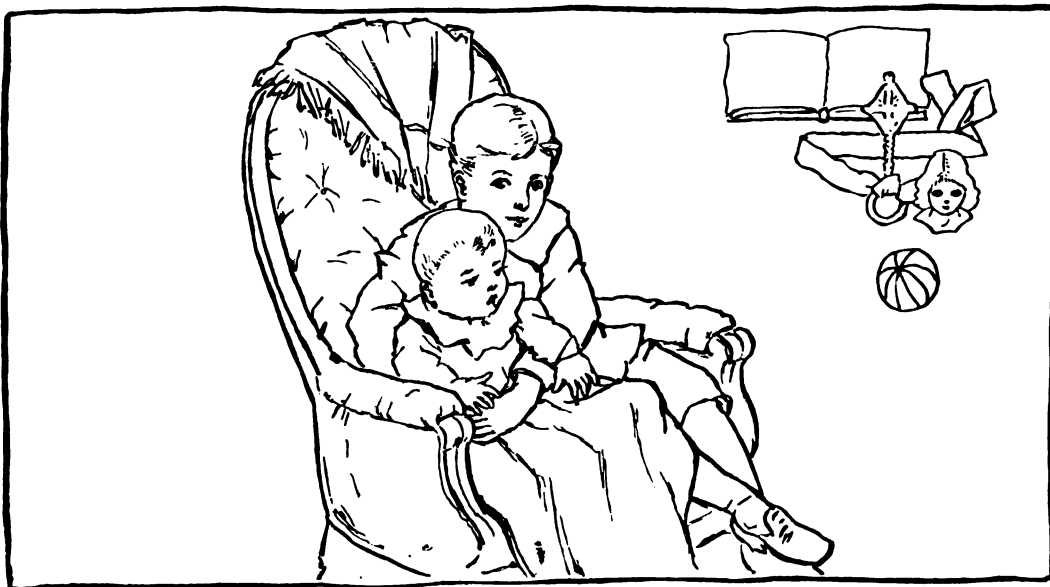
Grand-moth-er bear sat up with them all night. They kept a blaz-ing fire, and they all were ver-y còm-fort-a-ble; and the next morn-ing the sun shone out and the wind went down, and grand-moth-er bear climbed back in-to her hol-low tree to fin-ish her nap.

LIT-TLE TOM-MY'S HORSE.

Get up there! whoa! whoa! Pa-pa, see, see! this horse-y isn't tame! whoa! whoa! see how he kicks his feet! Pa-pa, see how his fore-feet dance up! Get up there! don't pull your reins so tight, old horse-y! Pa-pa, this horse-y isn't broked at all! Pa-pa dear, this horse-y has runned a-way with your Tom-my! Get up there, or



I'll show you my long whip, I will! Get up there!



JOHN-NY'S LIT-TLE SIS-TER.

PICT-URES TO COL-OR OR DRAW.—XII.

“I’ll take care of Sis-sy,” said broth-er John-ny.

Ba-by was so sweet and ro-sy! Mam-ma had just dressed her, all white and fair. John-ny held out his arms for her. Mam-ma kissed both gold-en heads, and went out to get din-ner.

John-ny was ver-y proud to be trust-ed with his lit-tle sis-ter. He sat down with her in the great green ea-sy-chair,

and put both arms round her.

“Now Sis-sy shall hear a nice sto-ry,” he said, “all a-bout Christ-mas. Sis-sy shall have beau-ti-ful things Christ-mas — a big i-vo-ry rat-tle with long red rib-bons, and a pict-ure-book, and a dol-ly with black hair, and a soft ball all blue and yel-low — and broth-er will buy them for her all him-self.”

Ba-by said, “*Goo-goo*,” and smiled a hon-ey-smile.



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